SEe here the portraite of that matcheles wight
Whoſe valour paralel'd the God of fight:
— At Tilt, at Barriers, both with ſword and ſpeare
He made his hopefull proweſſe oft apeare:
His ſhadow's here, the world his ſubſtance miſſes
That was this Iſles *Achilles* and *Vliſſes*.
His ſoul's inthroan'd aboue Heauen's ſpangled frame,
And earth's adorn'd with his reſounding fame.

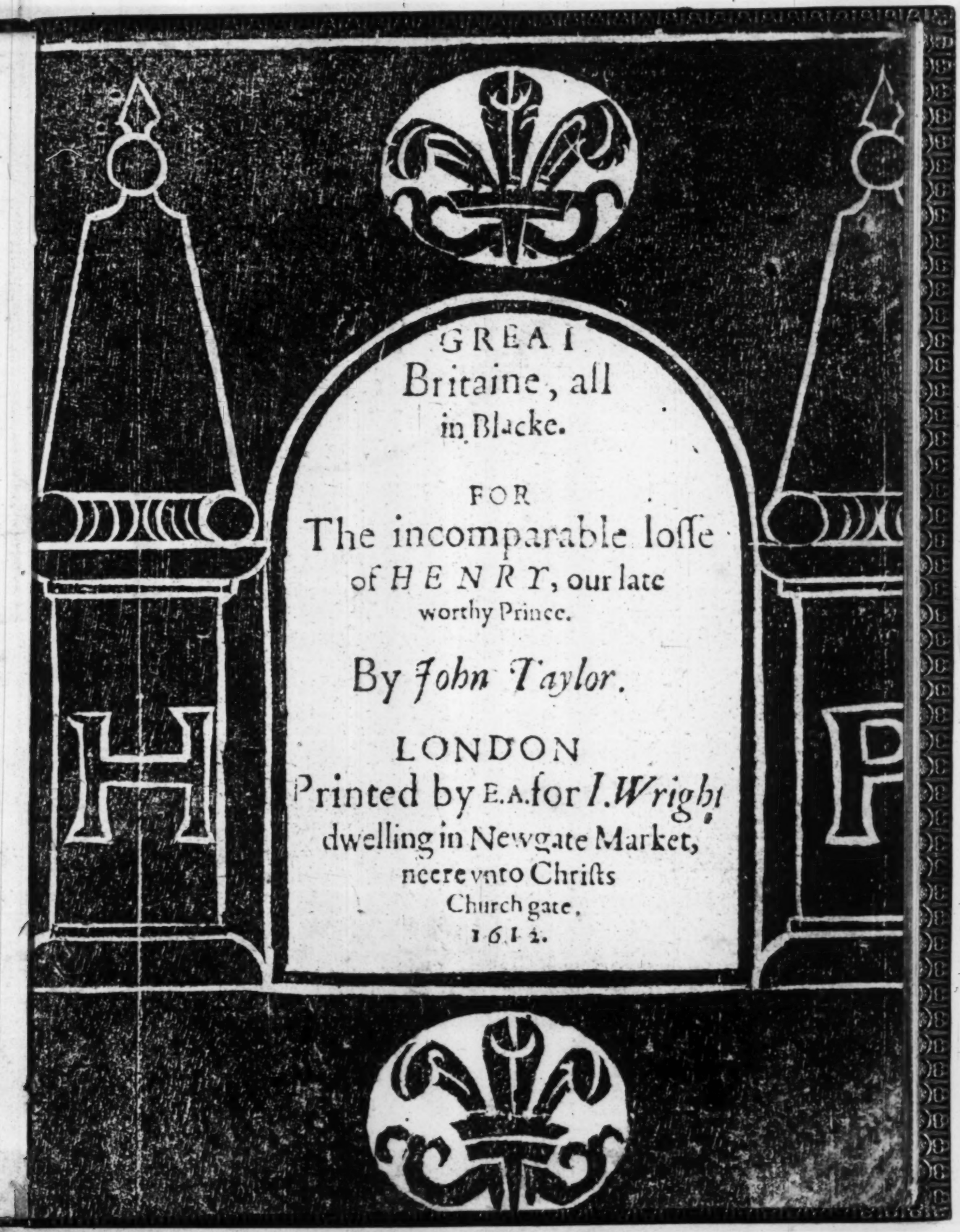
A

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVLL AND
MY MVCH ENDEERED FRIEND
Sir *Robert Dowglasse*
Knight.

TO thee I consecrate these mourning lines
Of Royall *Henries* sad vntimely hearse,
For want of whom this Kingdom weeps & pines,
With sighs and grones and eye-bedewing verse:
I know his losse thy manly heart did pearce,
And mongst thy woes, this woe exceeds the worst:
I know thou rather had'st (death's laueline fierce)
To saue his life, thy loyall heart had burst.
But tis our fortunes and our fates accurst,
Amid'st these daies of sorrow to suruiue;
And lifes vnpermanent all trustles trust
Is fled from him who kept our hopes aliue:
But let sweet patience subiugate your sorrow
A heauy eu'ning brings a ioyfull morrow.

Your Worships euer
most obsequious.

Iohn Tailor.



GREAT
Britaine, all
in Blacke.

FOR
The incomparable losse
of *HENRY*, our late
worthy Prince.

By *John Taylor.*

LONDON
Printed by E.A. for *I. Wright*
dwelling in Newgate Market,
neere vnto Christs
Church gate.
1612.

GREAT

Britaine all in Blacke.

NOt any Poets all-reuiuing pen
Can write vnparalel'd Prince *Henries* praiſe:
Nor can their Muſes call him backe againe,
VVhoſe liuing vertues ſhine (like *Titans* raies)
Had I a quill of that *Arabian* wing
That's hatcht in embers of Sun-kindled fire,
VVho to her ſelfe her ſelfe doth iſſue bring,
And three in one, is Young, and Dam, and Sire.
Oh that I could to *Virgills* veine aſpire,
Or *Homers* Verſe, that golden-languag'd Greeke,
In poliſh'd Phraſes I my lines would tire
Into the depth of Art my Muſe would ſeeke.
Meane time ſhe mongſt the linguiſt Poets throngs,
Although ſhe want the help of Forraigne Tongs.

To King IAMES.

Since ſuch great praiſe is due vnto the Frute,
There's greater laude belongs vnto the Tree:
Then in thy Glory how can men be mute
That knowes ſuch Glorious Branches ſprung from thee?
For if ſuch honour to the Fruit we owe
The Tree deſerues more whence this Fruit did growe.

To Queene ANNE.

Thou fruitfull Vine, thou bleſſed-bearing Queene,
From whome theſe Oliue Branches ſprouts and ſprings;
Thou that by Heauen ſo Royaliz'd haſt beene,
To be Childe, Siſter, and a Wife, to Kings:
Long maiſt thou liue, that all the World may know
Thou art the Stock whence Maieſty doth grow.

To Prince CHARLES.

Great Sonne of Greatneſſe I the Heauens implore
That heere thou maiſt haue long, and happy daies,
That ere aboue the Skies thy Soule ſhall ſore
Thou maiſt atchiue thy famous Brothers praiſe,
And when mongſt Saints thy Father takes his ſeat,
God make thee then great Britaines *Charles* the Great.

To the Princeſſe ELIZABETH.

Thou whome this Ile, and Nations neere and farre
Admires for Angell-forme, and Saint-like minde,
VVhoſe Vertues ſhine as doth a fixed Starre,
From Thames vnto the fartheſt part of Inde.
All Heauenly bleſſings raine on thee on Earth,
And make thy fortunes Great as is thy Birth.

To

To the Count PALATINE.

Most mighty, all-beloued louely Lord,
Warrs patterne, and a Patrone vnto Schollers:
Great Brittaine doth a Iewell thee afford,
More rich in price then all the Germane Dollers,
Liue euer happy with thy ioyfull Gem
In Earth, and in the new Ieruſalem.

To GOD.

Laſt vnto thee that art both Firſt and Laſt,
For his deere ſake that conquer'd Death, and Hell,
I doe beſeech thee headlong downe to caſt
All Traytors 'gainſt theſe Princes that rebell:
Blott from thy Booke of life their impious Names
That ſeeke ſubuerſion of Monarking *Iames*.

AEquiuoques on the deceaſed Prince HENRIE.

To write Great Britaines woe how am I able?
That hauing loſt a peereleſſe Princely Sonne,
So wiſe, ſo graue, ſo ſtout, ſo amiable,
Whoſe Vertues ſhin'd as did the mid-daies Sunne,
And did illuſtrate all our Hemiſpheare,
Now all the world affoords not him his pheare.

His Royall minde was euermore diſpoſd,
From vertue vnto vertue to accrue:
On good deſerts his bounty he diſpoſde,
Which made him follow'd by ſo braue a crue,
That though himſelfe was peereleſſe, many a Peere,
As his Attendants, daily did appeere.

In

In him the Thundrers braine-borne daughter *Pallas*
Had tane possession, as her natiue Clime:
In him, and his terrestriall heau'nly Pallace
VVas taught how men by vertuous deeds shall clime,
So that although his yeeres were in their spring
He was true honors fount and vallors spring.

So firme, so stable, and so continent
So wise, so valiant, and so truely chaste:
That from his *Microcosmos* continent,
All Heau'n abhorred hell-hatch'd lust was chac'd:
He ran no vicious vice-alluring race,
To staine the glory of his Royall race.

His soule from whence it came is gone againe,
And earth hath tane, what did to earth belong:
He whilome to this land was such a gaine,
That mem'ry of his losse must needs be long.
All states and sexes, both the young and graue
Laments his timeles going to his graue.

Man murdring death, blind, cruell fierce and fell,
How durst thou gripe him in thy meagre armes?
By thy rude stroake this Prince of Princes fell,
Whose valour brau'd the mighty God of Armes:
Right well in peace, he could of peace debate,
Dreadles of dreadfull danger or debate.

Robustious rawboand monster death, to teare
From vs our happy hope we did enioy:
And turne our many Ioyes to many a teare,
VVho else might ioyfully haue liu'd in ioy:
As wind on thousands all at once doth blow,
By his deaths stroake so millions feeles the blow.

all in Blacke.

Well could I wiſh, (but wiſhing is in vaine)
That many millions, and amongſt them I
Had ſluc'd the bloods from euery flowing veine,
And vented floods of water from each eye:
  T'haue ſau'd the life of this Maieſticke heire,
  VVould thouſand ſoules had wandred in the ayre.

But ceaſe my Muſe, thou farre vnworthy art
To name his name, whoſe praiſe on high doth mount:
Leaue, (leaue I ſay) this taske to men of Art,
And let his ſoule reſt in ſweet Sions Mount.
  His Angell ſpright hath bid the world adue
  And earth hath claim'd his body as a due.

Epitaphe.

Heere vnder ground great HENRIES *corps doth lye,*
If God were pleaſ'd, I would it were a lye.

Iohn Taylor

GREAT BRITAINES GREATEST WOE.

OR

An Elegeicall Lamenting Poem, for the incomparable Losse of losses, of HENRIE our late hopefull PRINCE.

SIghs, grones, and teares, assist my Muse to mourne
His death, whose life all vertue did adorne:
Whose aged wisedome, and whose youthfull age
Was second vnto none, that's wise or sage:
So old in sapience, so young, so graue,
To be transfer'd vnto his timelesse graue.
Melpomene (thou sad'st among the Muses)
Possesse my soule, and make mine eyes like sluces,
(Or like the restles torrents of the *Thames*)
To gush forth flouds of neuer-ending streames

For this magnanimous heroicke Prince.
Let euery one their mournefull faces rince,
With brinish teares and bitter lamentation,
And drowne their visage with the inundation.
Let sighs, and grones, and teares this Ile o're-flow,
And ouer-whelme our hearts with flouds of woe:
Let scalding sobs of this lamenting land,
Raise stormes and tempests, vniuersall, and
In this confusion make the world to droope,
And highest hearted honor'd minds to stoope,
And with deploring languor, hang the head,
For losse of him that liues, and yet is dead.
Let Britaines gronings, drowne Oake-cleauing thun-
And fill the vaulty ayre with feare and wonder; (der
For hee that was the worlds admired Lampe,
The life of Peace, of War, of Court, of Campe,
Th'expected hope of blest ensuing time,
Fell in his spring, and dide in golden prime.
Thou happy Ile, ordain'd to hapleſſe crosse,
Thou neuer canst enough lament his losse:
Thy hopes, and haps, were neuer lesse, nor more,
A better good, or worser ill before,
(Then was the life or death of this deere Lord);
No memory, nor story doth record.

Black valiant *Edward* that war-breathing Prince,
Whose proued prowes did all France conuince,
And in the iawes of death his foes did quell,
Our *Henry* would haue beene his paralell.
Ioue, *Mars*, and sweet *Adonis* were combinde
In *Henries* forme, his force, and Royall minde.
But now deaths Cloud eclips'd great Britaines Sunne,
His rayes extinct, our springing hopes are done.
Yee *Esculapian* Doctors, now giue ouer,
Honour is dead, and neuer will recouer:
Your Simples are but simple, and your drugges
Are weake, when life and death for maistrie tugges:
Despight your Antidotes and stone of *Bezar*,
Death kills the *Catife* and the mighty *Keisar*.
Your Vomits, Cordials, Euacuations,
Your Bathes and your humidious Fomentations,
Are forceleſſe oppoſites, 'gainſt greeſly death,
And all vnualued, in exchange of breath.
But pardon me (you famous men of Art)
Ile not impeache your high eſteem'd deſart,
Who are ordain'd by God to keepe mens liues
In health and vigor with preſeruatiues.
We ought to honour the Phiſition ſtill,
And hold in reuerence his admired skill:

But yet if you by wit, by Art, or Nature
Had had preſeruing power to ſaue a creature,
You ſhould haue ſhew'd it in his preſeruation,
Who was the life and ſoule of this ſad Nation.
But ther's no power externall nor internall,
That can reſiſt his will that is Supernall,
Who rules and raignes, aboue the azur'd skies,
And all things ſees with his all-ſearching eyes:
From his omnipotent Maieſticke Seate
He ſaw the ſinne of man was growne ſo great,
That he audaciouſly dares ſpurne 'gainſt Heau'n,
And therefore from vs hath this Prince bereau'n:
Depriuing him of a Terreſtriall Throne,
Exchanging it for an Immortall one:
Where Kings, and Princes, Saints, and Martyrs ſings
Continuall Anthemes to the King of Kings.
Thus God (accounting him too good for Earth)
Hath giuen his Soule a glorious ſecond birth:
And as his ſtate and vertues heere were great,
Hee's greater now, in his triumphant Seat:
In that bleſt Kingdome of eternall reſt,
Where he for euer liues among the bleſt.
Great Brittaine, thinke not but Almighty God
Doth threaten Vengeance, with his awfull Rod:

And that from vs this Prince he hath bereſt,
Before he drawes his ſinne-conſuming Shaft.
He takes the good to his great Mercies dome,
And leaues the wicked till his vengeance come.

BVt all our hopes are yet not in diſpaire;
For though the heau'ns containe great Britaines
(As knowing Earth vnworthy ſuch a gemme) (heire
Yet are there branches of that Royall ſtemme,
That till the conſummation of all things,
I hope ſhall be this Ilands Queenes and Kings,
In true ſucceſsion alwaies to perſeuer,
To Rule and raigne for euer, and for euer,
Not onely heere,(where pompe is tranſitory)
But in the heauens in neuer ending glory.
Vnto which praier, with heart, with tongue, and pen,
Let all that loue ſaluation, ſay Amen.

FINIS.

Iohn Taylor.

Epitaph

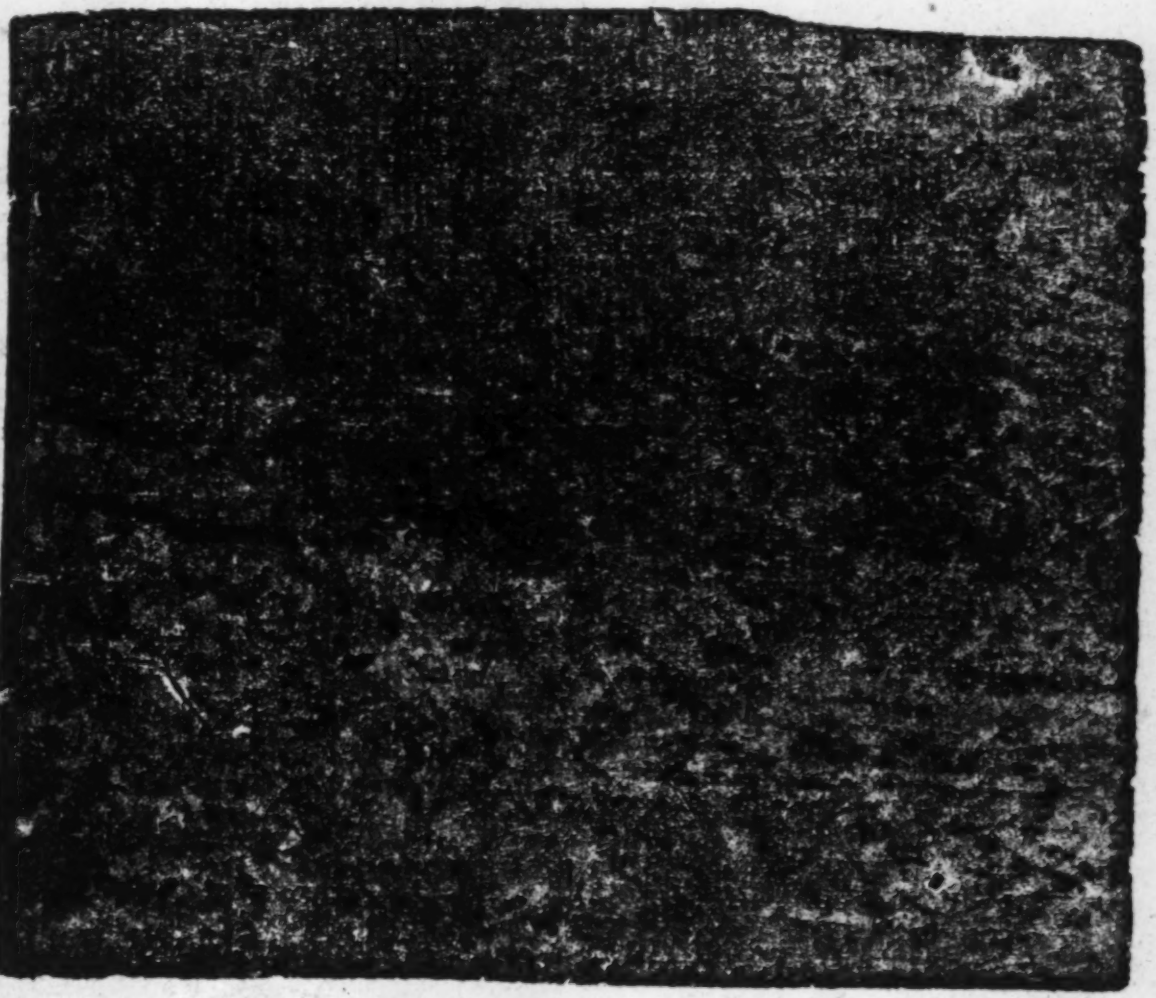
Epitaph.

Liu's there a heart that could not riue in funder,
To ſee what all-deuouring *Death* hath donne
Vnto that lou'ly Maieſties Great Sonne,
Whoſe ſtately Corpes lies heere encloſed vnder.
His fame that whilom like *Iehouahs* Thunder,
Was mounted on the Aires all-filling Winde
Agreeing well with his Heroick minde,
Who Comet-like made all the world to wonder.
Lo what Grim *Death* vntimely hath deſtroid:
Curſt be the Planet gouern'd at his Birth
Who (Traitor-like) conſpir'd to rob the earth
Of ſuch a hope as neuer men enioy'd.
O could our teares, or bloods recall this doome,
Millions would waſh thee from thy Marble Toome.

Ri: Leigh.

Lament.

Heu, heu, mortuis Lachrymæ non prosunt.



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